

whole deportment evidencing the firmness of his resolution, "I will not take a glass of wine, thank you all the same. But—if you happen to have some old rye handy, fetch us a snifter!" "No, Mr. Speaker!" earnestly declares the Hope of His Country, "I will not be persuaded that the Government scheme for the subsidizing of local railways is anything short of downright robbery. But—what I want you to thoroughly understand is that Ontario is not getting enough of the spoil, by a very long chalk!" I am open to conviction as to the incongruence of these two historical incidents; but I would like to see the man who can convince me.

What a funny heading that was in the *Mail's* School Board report the other day—"A charge of jobbery against a member without foundation!" The able city editor no doubt fancied there was something really sensational in it; but if he will just ponder the thing for a moment it will be clear to him that a member without foundation actually stood in need of jobbery, or at least jobbing. But perhaps the idea was haunting the city editor that the member was having the job charged to the School Board instead of paying for it out of his own pocket. In such event the young man would of course be excusable.

Keen mental discernment is a grand gift to possess, if you know how to employ it judiciously. The orator who has just had the world learn that "Mr. Gladstone's highest ambition is to be the first President of a British Republic" has keen mental vision, for obvious reasons; so has the member of the *Globe* staff who points out so powerfully that Sir John Macdonald is wildly anxious to break up the Canadian confederation, for the reason that that is precisely the kind of a man Sir John is. Yes, and they both know how to use their gift judiciously. I would just like to gaze on this pair of human telescopes. And some time, maybe, when they have been recaptured I will take a day and visit the asylum so as to gratify my wish.

While two Governments are wrangling over jurisdiction in the premises; while rival factions are shouting themselves hoarse in declamatory testimony that *theirs* is the right view of the case; while dealers are at their wits' end how to act to secure themselves and their business, and while the courts are meekly waiting to pronounce on the question—while all this, I say, is going on over the Liquor License affair, the truly good newspaper proprietor in the back townships puts in big Government advertisements about this arrangement and that arrangement *re* the traffic, and as he charges them up early and often he sighs and sadly says to himself "This unseemly squabble is bad for the country—but I guess the country newspaper can stand it while the ads. keep up!"

Another genius has invented a flying machine. If it were not for persons inventing flying machines and discovering the North Pole and crossing the ocean in an open boat and finding perpetual motion and decooting never-failing patent medicines and editing party papers, this world would be a desert waste. I am not in a position to disclose the name of the flying-machine inventor, for the reason that the newspaper paragraph does not give it. But I may say he is a Frenchman and has perfect faith in the complete success of his aerial motor—neither of which facts will, I fancy, produce an intense feeling of surprise anywhere. I would not care to make a friend of the man who invents a guaranteed flying-machine. It never was a pleasure to me to hear of my friends meeting with a violent end.

It is a pity—the icemen and the butchers have fallen out. It would have been better had the quarrel taken in the ice-cream dealers for the ice-cream dealers are more than suspected of taking in the public—their victims happily being spooney young men, chiefly, and their spooney young ladies. It would not be too much to expect that ice-cream makers, when so successful in dispensing with cream, could also counterfeit the ice—say by a liberal use of approved arctic scenery including a better style of polar bear, by employing a more pronounced type of frigid-looking waitresses, and by rigidly adhering to high prices. But as to the dealers in meat, even the most cold-blooded among them needs ice. It would be as unreasonable to expect every alderman to be honest as to expect every butcher to be his own refrigerator. In the vernacular current among bank clerks, this whole ice business "knocks me cold."

Once more the Champion Walker is becoming an object of great interest. The sense of long distance pedestrianism is not apparent to me, nor would I like to be a parent to any of the young fellows who go to work at it—that is to say, for the young fellow's sake, for I really believe the exercise on him would be of benefit to me both mentally and physically. Now, if long-distance pedestrians would only distribute tracts on their tramps, or carry the *Mail*, or collect crop statistics, or even canvass for the *Weekly Globe*, I could have a little sympathy for them in their weary wandering. But what is the object of their plodding? Simply to cover so many miles in so many days, as if the very acme of human physical perfection consisted in the success of an effort to keep one foot going before the other for an indefinite period of time. Why, an old

blind, superannuated, canal horse, turned loose can undertake that—and what is more, knows enough to stop when it feels tired and likely to collapse. Go to the superannuated canal-horse, thou pedestrian!

Everybody, I venture to say,—including the artist himself—is laughing at the big pictorial advertisement in the dailies of prominent Toronto places of business. There they are, looming up in all their massive grandeur, storey upon storey, and almost every brick faithfully delineated! But the surroundings! Oh, the surroundings! How bald and bare and desert-like! Instead of the traditional crowds of excited buyers climbing over each other's heads in the consuming desire to gain access to the store and help themselves to crackers and cheese until the clerks were ready for them, the sidewalks in front of the imposing structures are pretty nearly deserted, unless you count some human figures which it takes you quite a long while to distinguish from hitching posts. Really, for the reputation of the city something ought to be done to these cuts, if it were nothing more than to stick in a policeman, a dog or two, a baby carriage with nurse accompaniment, and a portrait of Alderman Baxter!

A HAPPY THOUGHT INDEED.

At a temperance meeting held at Claremont lately, the chairman told the people if they could not succeed in adopting the Scott Act in Ontario County, to *smoke their children*, and the government protection granted to Indians would be extended to them. From the hearty manner in which the suggestion was received, we are looking for great results in that part of the country.



BOSWELL'S NEW SYSTEM.

"PROMOTED" BOBBY.—TRUE: YOU HAVE BEEN LONGER IN THE SERVICE THAN I HAVE, AND YOUR RECORD IS BETTER THAN MINE, BUT YOU NEEDN'T EXPECT TO BE PROMOTED UNTIL YOU VOTE WID BOSWELL'S PARTY, AS I DO!